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OH, LUCIENNE, DAAARLING -- YOU'VE REAALLY GONE OVER THE TOP WITH THIS ONE.

I LOOOVE THE WAY YOU'VE MADE HER LITTLE EYES DART BACK AND FORTH. ITS SOOO DELICIOUS! YOU CAN ALMOST TASTE THE TERROR.

IT'S ANOTHER LUCIENNE SANGFROID TRIUMPH OF HOPELESS URBAN POST-IRONY TAKEN BEYOND ALL LIMITS!

IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU BETTER, LUCIENNE, I'D SWEAAAR SHE WASN'T A SCULPTURE AT ALL!

THE REALISM IS INCREDIBLE! HOW DO YOU CONSISTENTLY ACHIEVE SUCH ASTONISHING LEVELS OF DETAIL AND AUTHENTICITY WHEN YOU SCULPT?

WELL... IT'S ALL IN THE CASTING, I SUPPOSE.

IT'S QUITE LIKE FILM, REALLY. THE RIGHT SUBJECT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD!

OH, HAHAHA! LUCIENNE, YOU ARE SOOO INGENIOUS AND SOOO VICIOUS!

WELL, I'M NOT LETTING ANOTHER LUCIENNE SANGFROID MASTERPIECE GET AWAY FROM ME. DAMMIT, LUCIENNE-- NAME YOUR PRICE!

PRICE? OH, GAAWWDD, I DON'T KNOW. I THINK I'VE ALREADY GOT AN OFFER FOR A HALF MILLION ON THIS ONE...

SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND THEN? HERE. TAKE IT. PLEASE?

WELL, I SUPPOSE I COULD CONSIDER THIS AS A DOWN PAYMENT! WHY DON'T YOU TWO TOODLE ON HOME AND PONDER A MORE REALISTIC FINAL OFFER?

BUT, I -- I'M NOT SURE HOW MUCH CASH I HAVE LYING AROUND...

DEAR--THIS IS AAART! WE CAN JUST SELL YOUR INTERNET STOCKS!

WHATEVER. I JUST WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO BE KICKING YOURSELF SIX MONTHS FROM NOW.

I'M NOT SURE IF EVEN I WILL BE ABLE TO TOP THIS ONE!

NONSENSE! YOU ARE ALWAYS OVER THE TOP, LUCIENNE! KISS KISS.

GOT -SNF- SUMTHIN' IN THE BACK OF THE BUS GONNA BLOW YOUR MIND, -SNF- MR. SANGFROID. -SNNIIIF- SUMTHIN' REALLY PRIMO THIS TIME. WANNA -SNIIIFF- SEE?

CORRUPTED NOZZLE. YEH.

DRIVE AROUND BACK, YOU MORONS.

BATES, I TOLD YOU NEVER TO COME TO THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF THE GALLERY. WHAT IF ONE OF THE PAPARAZZI WERE TO SEE YOU?

HEY -SNIF- SHAG HERE'S KIND OF A CELEBRITY, TOO, YUH KNOW? I MEAN, NOT EVERY FREAK CAN -SNF- SAY THEY TOOK THE MOST HITS OF BROWN ACID AT WOODSTOCK.

ANTIGRAVITY CHIPS. HEHEH.

Xquisite corpSe

NO DOUBT THAT'S WHY YOU FORGOT TO EMPTY THE BARRELS, LIKE I TOLD YOU TO YESTERDAY!

I CAN'T ACCOMPLISH A THING UP IN THE STUDIO WHEN THEY'RE FULL--YOU KNOW THAT!

BE COOL! -SNF- WE'RE TRUCKIN'.

SQUARE BALLS. YUP.

IT'S LIKE A BAD HORROR MOVIE! THE GREATEST VISIONARY OF HIS TIME MUST DEPEND ON THE LIKES OF A BATES AND SHAG!

WE KNOW YOU'RE THE TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN, -SNF- MR. SANGFROID. I MEAN, HEY--- FIFTY MILLION FLIES CAN'T BE WRONG! -SNF-

RUG OINTMENT. NYUK.

WHOSE GUTS WERE THESE? -SNF- THAT HOMELESS FAT GUY WE COPPED FOR YA?

NO, HE'S STILL A WORK IN PROGRESS. THIS WAS THE ILLEGAL ALIEN GIRL. NEITHER ARE MY BEST PIECES, BUT THEY'LL PAY THE RENT.

I KEEP TELLING YOU, BATES -- I NEED SOMETHING FRESH -- INSPIRING! SOMETHING THAT WILL PULL ME OUT OF MY RUT!

THESE LOSERS YOU BRING ME JUST AREN'T GOING TO CUT IT ANYMORE.

WELL -SNF- OL' BATES AND SHAG GOT SOMETHIN' THAT'S GONNA RING YOUR CHIMES THIS TIME -SNF- GUARANTEED!

TAKE A LOOK -SNF- IN THE BUS.

PORCELAIN SMEGMA. TEEHEE.

HMMPH. A YUPPIE! WHERE DID YOU GET HIM, BATES?

STUDIO ENTRANCE

CRAZIEST THING! -SNF- THIS LITTLE GYPSY CHICK AND HER UNCLE HAD HIM HOG TIED DOWN BY THE DOCKS. -SNIF- ASKED US IF WE COULD STOW HIM AWAY ON THE SLOWEST BOAT TO CHINA.

WE SAID "SURE"! -SNF-.

YOU DIDN'T KIDNAP SOMEONE WHO'LL BE MISSED, DID YOU? WHAT'S HIS HISTORY?

THEY'D PICKED HIM CLEAN. -SNF- NO WALLET, NO WATCH, NO CELL PHONE. TOLD US HE WAS SOME SORTA PIG. -SNF- SECRET POLICE DUDE FROM ROMANIA OR SOME SHIT.

IN THE COUNTRY INCOGNITO, IF Y'CATCH MY DRIFT. -SNIF-

MONTEZUMA ECSTASY. COOCOO.

I LIKE HIM! I CAN FEEL MY OLD CREATIVE JUICES FLOWING ALREADY!

LET'S GET HIM IN THE ELEVATOR AND UP TO THE STUDIO! I'VE GOT A MASTERPIECE COMING ON!

N.M.A.
MEDI-CENTER

YOU SENSE IT TOO, MY FINE YOUNG YUPPIE?

HOW THE TRUE ARTIST FEEDS ON AUTHENTIC INSPIRATION...

NO! PLEASE, GOD -- NOT AGAIN! I CAN'T TAKE NO MORE OF THIS ART SHIT!

JUST LIKE A STARVING MAN CRAVES MEAT!

TUMMY FAMISHED EMPTY.
LEGS TREMBLY.

HEAD SWIMMY SPIN.
HOLE BIG INSIDE.

RUN>DAMAGE ASSESSMENT>
BLOOD LOSS:CRITICAL>
ORGAN FUNCTIONS:CRITICAL>
CYBERORGANIC CAPACITY:46%

NO FIND HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND
IN CHOO CHOO TUNNELS EVER.

BROKE BAD IN FIGHT WITH SIX-
ARMED LADY. FIX EM UP?

OPEN>DAMAGE ANALYSIS>
REFERENCE>SIM PHYSIOLOGICS
AND CYBERNETICS

ALL SWEATY HOT
FUNNY. DRAINED WEAK.

RUN> EMERGENCY
DAMAGE CONTROL>PRIORITY #1:
REPLENISH CYBERORGANIC CAPACITY>
PRIORITY #2:REPAIR

FEEBLE DARK. FOGGY BLUR.

ALERT!
CYBERORGANIC CAPACITY 27%

HUNGRY. SO HUNGRY.

SHOO FLIES. STOP BUZZ BUZZING.

ALERT! CYBERORGANIC CAPACITY 15%

FLIES? BUZZ BUZZING?

ALERT! CYBERORGANIC CAPACITY 13%

WHERE FLIES BUZZ BUZZ...

ALERT! CYBERORGANIC CAPACITY 11%

...IS FOOD.

ALERT! CYBERORGANIC CAPACITY 9%

YUMMY TASTY FOOD.

MAGGOTS FROM HEAVEN

ALERT! CYBERORGANIC CAPACITY STABILIZED AND RISING 16%

LEGS NOT FISHY.

FIND MORE LUSCIOUS TREATS UP SEWEY PIPE?

CYBERORGANIC CAPACITY RISING: 27%

DO YOU FIND MY WORK DISGUSTING? MOST OF MY SUBJECTS DO.

THIS FELLOW STILL HASN'T COME TO GRIPS WITH THE SHOCK OF THE NEW.

HE AIN'T NO ARTIST! HE'S A MONSTER! FER CHRISSAKES, LOOK WHAT HE'S DONE TO ME!

MY STUDIO IS SOUNDPROOFED, OF COURSE. I FIND IT DOES ENHANCE THE CREATIVE PROCESS TO OPEN MYSELF TO SOME OF THE MORE VISCERAL REACTIONS TO MY WORK.

BUT IN THE END, WHO NEEDS CRITICS?

AWWGHHHLL!

PERHAPS YOU HAVE SOME OPINIONS OF YOUR OWN YOU'D CARE TO EXPRESS?

BATES -- REMOVE THE YUPPIE'S GAG.

RIGHT ON, -SNF- MR. SANGFROID.

BUFFALO PEON. YUP.

-GASSSP- LISTEN -- I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ART, BUT I KNOW WHAT I DON'T LIKE. YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE HERE...

EXACTLY WHAT MY TEACHERS IN MEDICAL SCHOOL TOLD ME.

THE CLOSED MINDED FOOLS CLAIMED THERE WASN'T ROOM FOR PERSONAL EXPRESSION IN SURGERY. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?

I-I, DON'T MEAN TO CRITICIZE! THE THING IS, I'M NOT WHO THOSE GYPSIES SAID I WAS. I'M AN AMERICAN CITIZEN. MY NAME IS WARNER ZEVON.

ZEVON? HMM. DOESN'T SOUND AMERICAN.

LET'S GET THIS FAT TUB INTO THE MOLD.

MONEY DISABLED. YOOHOO.

WELL I AM. IN FACT I WORK FOR THE GOVERNMENT -- ALTHOUGH I'VE DONE A PRETTY LOUSY JOB OF IT LATELY.

YOU NEED TO UNDERSTAND -- PEOPLE WILL SEARCH FOR ME IF I DISAPPEAR. THEY KNOW WHAT I LOOK LIKE.

MISTER ZEVON, YOUR OWN MOTHER WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU AFTER I'M FINISHED.

I'M FEELING INSPIRED, SHAG -- MAKE SURE THERE IS PLENTY OF RAW MATERIAL IN THE EXTRUDER. WE MIGHT ACTUALLY GET TWO IN LUCITE TONIGHT!

BUMBLEBEE CHOLERA! HEEHEHEH.

FAT DUDE'S -SNF- IN PLACE, MR. SANGFROID.

MOST PEOPLE THINK BEING AN ARTIST IS ALL ABOUT INSPIRATION.

FEW UNDERSTAND THAT THE QUEST FOR GREAT ART IS OFTEN DEPENDENT ON THE STRUGGLE TO FIND PRECISELY THE CORRECT MATERIALS!

NONALIGNED SYNCHRONICITY! WHEE.

I MEAN, ONE CAN ENTOMB PEOPLE IN MANY KINDS OF SUBSTANCES, GOD KNOWS, I TRIED THEM ALL.

BUT THESE MODERN POLYMERS ARE A GODSEND FOR THE SERIOUS ARTIST. QUICK DRYING, TRANSPARENT, PERMANENT, AND BEST OF ALL...

THEY BREATHE! AND THAT MEANS, SO CAN MY SUBJECTS!

THEY REMAIN FULLY ALIVE AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY, AWARE OF THEIR SITUATION FOR WEEKS, MONTHS SOMETIMES! THEY'RE EVEN ABLE TO MOVE THEIR EYES!

YOU HAVE TO LOVE THE EYES.

THEY BRING THAT EXTRA EDGE TO THE FINISHED PIECE, DON'T YOU AGREE?

BATES! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO GIVE MR. ZEVON MY FULL ATTENTION WITH ALL THESE FLIES AND MAGGOTS IN HERE?

WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH THAT, YOU CAN LOAD OUR FAT FRIEND ON THE ELEVATOR AND TAKE HIM DOWN TO THE GALLERY.

I'VE GOT A HOST OF FOOLS CLAMORING FOR A NEW PIECE.

SURE THING! WE'LL GET IT TOGETHER, -SNF- MAN!

TUNA NUCLEUS. HOOHEH.

I'LL TELL YA, SHAG. THIS LUCIENNE SANGFROID -SNF- IS ON SOME STRANGE TRIP, EH?

WHATZATT? YOU DIG THEM FREAKY MAGGOTS -SNF- DO YA?

LINOLEUM CEILINGS! WOO!

MAGGOTS MAKE RIGHTEOUS GOOD PETS, I HEAR. SWWWWWWPTH!

Y'OUGHT GIVE 'EM NAMES -KFF- Y'KNOW, LIKE JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE -KUF- RINGO...

BORNEO FLAPS! HEEHEHEH.

STREET Level

SPHINCTER WHELPS!

"SPHINCTER WHELPS?" BWAAHHAA! YOU ARE FARRR -SNF- OUT, MAN! WOODHODHOD!

SHAG -- THE STUFF YOU GROOVE ON -SNF- MAN. IT IS TOOO MUCH. HEEHEEHEE!

"SPHINCTER WHELPS!" -KIKIKIK!- IT'S SO TOTALLY OFF THE WALL. IT'S RIGHT -KOF- ON, BRO! HOOHOOHOOOO!

HEHEHEHEHEHEH!

I MEAN -SNF- I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU WENT WHEN YOU DROPPED ALL THAT ACID, MAN -SNF- BUT I THINK YOU CRASHED THERE -KOF- ON A PERMANENT BASIS!

LEMME GET THE LOCK FOR YOU -KOF- AND YER LITTLE MAGGOT BUDDIES, MAN.

HEHEHEH.

YOU GO IN THERE AN' POUR THE SLOP DOWN THE DRAIN, MAN. -SNF- I'LL JUST BOGART THIS LITTLE DOOBIE HERE.

SWWWWWWTPTOH! GET INTO SOME MELLOW HEAD SPACE -KUF-

GORILLA'S HUNGRY.

"GORILLA'S HUNGRY?" HAHOOHAHAAAA! OH MAN -- WHERE DO YOU COME UP WITH THIS TRIPPY SHIT, MAN?

BWAHOOOOHOO! "GORILLA'S HUNGRY?" OH -- THAT'S SOO BODACIOUS! IT'S FLIPPIN' ME OUT, MAN!

NO, BATES. IT'S NOT A GAG THIS TIME...

IT'S AN ACTUAL GORILLA.

AND HE'S QUITE HUNGRY.

THE FIRST THING I DECIDED, AFTER MY BAD EXPERIENCE AT MEDICAL SCHOOL, WAS THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO BE ANOTHER STARVING ARTIST.

I MEAN, WHAT'S THE POINT OF POSSESSING GENIUS ON THE LEVEL OF DA VINCI OR PICASSO IF NO ONE SUCKS UP TO YOU?

UM, WELL... I'VE BEEN HEARING THAT THIS TYPE OF CONCEPTUAL ART IS, LIKE, PASSE? MAYBE YOU SHOULD BE THINKING OF A NEW APPROACH...?

OH, THE NAYSAYERS ARE ALWAYS DECRYING THE DEATH OF SOMETHING. FIRST IT'S THE "DEATH OF POP", THEN THE "DEATH OF MINIMALISM".

BUT, TELL ME -- WHO CAN DECLARE THE "DEATH OF DEATH"?

AH, UM...GOOD POINT! WHY DON'T WE HEAD DOWN TO THE LOCAL BISTRO AND DEBATE IT OVER A BOTTLE OF WINE...?

USELESS TALK! WHEN THE CREATIVE DEMON GRABS HOLD, IT IS FAR TOO LATE FOR THEORIZING!

DON'T WORRY, THIS WON'T HURT. IT WILL JUST INCAPACITATE YOU LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET YOU OVER ONTO THE OPERATING TABLE.

NO -- PLEASE... NGGHH!

INSPIRATION IS A MERCURIAL THING, MR. ZEVON. THE TRUE ARTIST NEVER SQUANDERS IT.

HE MUST ALWAYS BE READY TO SPRING INTO ACTION IN THE FURY OF THAT FIRST EXHILARATING MOMENT.

AAOOBUGHH...

AND TO FOLLOW HIS MUSE, IN WHATEVER NEW AND INTOXICATING DIRECTION SHE MAY LEAD HIM!

LOOKS LIKE WHATEVER RAISED HELL HERE ON THE PLATFORM DISAPPEARED DOWN INTO THE TUNNELS.

THANK GOD HE DIDN'T DECIDE TO GO UP TO STREET LEVEL.

YOU GOT IT RIGHT ON THE NOSE THERE! NOW WE CAN COVER OUR BUTTS WITH THE "DOOMSDAY CULT NERVE GAS SUBWAY ATTACK" STORY.

VIEWERS LOVE CULTS. ESPECIALLY IF THEY INVOLVE A CHARISMATIC LEADER WHO'S INTO POLYGAMY, CHILD ABUSE, THAT SORT OF THING.

UHH, BUT MORT... WE'RE NOT FINDING ANY TRACE OF NERVE AGENTS.

ALL THESE POOR BASTARDS WERE HACKED TO DEATH.

I'M GOING TO LEVEL WITH YOU, SON. THIS IS PROBABLY THE WORK OF A VERY PROMISING PILOT PROJECT THAT KIND OF GOT AWAY FROM US.

WE CALL IT OUR SIM. MY JOB'S TO FOLLOW THE PARADE, CLEAN UP THE MESS.

ALL HUSH-HUSH, Y'UNDERSTAND. CAN'T LET THE ENEMY KNOW WHAT WE'RE PLANNING FOR HIM, CAN WE?

NATIONAL SECURITY, HUH? YOU CAN TRUST ME, MORT.

SIR! WE'VE FOUND THE LAST BATCH OF VICTIMS ABOUT A QUARTER MILE DOWN.

LOOKS LIKE THIS WOMAN PUT UP ONE HELL OF A FIGHT BEFORE IT TOOK HER HEAD RIGHT OFF!

THERE'S BLOOD EVERYWHERE, SIR. AND BIG CHUNKS OF ANIMAL FUR ALL OVER THE PLACE. LOOKS LIKE IT CAME FROM AN APE OF SOME KIND.

IT'S THE SIM. NO QUESTION ABOUT IT. BUT IF HE LET SOMEONE DO THIS TO HIM, HE'S RUNNING A FEW BRICKS SHORT OF A LOAD.

GET A WELL-ARMED STRIKE TEAM ON HIS TRAIL. I'VE GOT TO CALL MY NEW GUY...

LET'S SEE... WE PAWN MISTER FANCY PANTS' PHONE, THE ROLEX, HIS GUN, THAT SHOULD BRING US MAYBE THREE, FOUR HUNDRED.

IT WON'T REPLACE OUR HOUSEBOAT, BUT AT LEAST IT'S A START, EH, FATIMA?

CAN WE KEEP THE PHONE, UNCLE SASA? IN THE OLD COUNTRY, I ALWAYS DREAMED OF MY OWN CELL PHONE!

OOH, IT'S RINGING! SOMEONE'S CALLING US!

HELLO? NO, UMMM..UH, WARNER ISN'T HERE. HE HAD TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY. YES. IT WAS VERY UNEXPECTED. NO, I DON'T THINK HE'LL BE BACK SOON.

WHO'S CALLING PLEASE? OOOOH, SO YOU'RE MISTER FANCY PANTS' BOSS?

WELL IT IS A REAL PLEASURE TO TALK TO A MURDERING SECRET POLICE SON OF A PIG BASTARD AND TELL HIM WHAT I REALLY THINK OF HIM!

WHAT YOU DID TO MY LITTLE MONKEY, GREGOR, WAS THE WORST KIND OF EVIL FILTH! I HOPE YOUR MOTHER SERVICES ALL THE LORDS OF HELL!

FATIMA -- SHUSH! HE CAN TRACE THE CALL...

WE'RE SELLING THE PHONE!

END OF CALL

WARNER, WARNER, WARNER...WHAT KIND OF DOPED UP OPERATION HAVE YOU BEEN RUNNING?

SURGERY! IT'S THE ULTIMATE FORM OF ACTION PAINTING! EVERY SLASH OF THE SCALPEL AND EACH BITE OF THE BONESAW DESCRIBES PURE POETIC MOTION!

VERY SIMILAR TO DANCE... BUT MUCH MORE...UNFORGIVING.

NNNGHHUH!

CONSIDER THE DYNAMICS BETWEEN SUBJECT AND VIEWER. WHAT I HAVE ACCOMPLISHED IN THAT REALM IS ABSOLUTELY UNPRECEDENTED IN THE ANNALS OF ART!

CUT

AS THOSE WHO STOP TO PONDER THE MEANING OF MY WORK PEER IN, THE WORK ITSELF STARES BACK OUT. IT IS NOTHING SHORT OF REVOLUTIONARY!

MNNUG? FMOT.

YOU SHOULD FEEL HONORED, MR. ZEVON. YOU ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE THE CREATIVE PROCESS IN A WAY MOST LAYMEN CAN ONLY DREAM OF.

THE FEELING IS COMING BACK TO YOUR EXTREMITIES AGAIN? GOOD. THEY WILL BE MORE [illegible] AT FIRST. OUCH.

NGH. NOTTT?

THIS TIME, I'M REALLY GOING OVER THE...HUH?

CHRIST! NOT THE DAMNED ELEVATOR! I'VE TOLD THOSE TWO CRETINS NOT TO INTERRUPT ME WHEN I'M WORKING!

BATES! SHAG! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO CONCENTRATE WITH YOU STONED OUT IDIOTS GIGGLING UNDERFOOT?

WELL?

LOOK AT YOU, BATES! YOU'RE A DISGRACE! YOU PUFF AND PUFF AND PUFF ON THAT WEED UNTIL YOU TURN YOURSELF INTO A RETARD!

HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU? YOU KEEP SMOKIN' THAT STUFF...

YOU'LL BE RUINED...

FOR LIFE...?

IS THIS ONE OF YOUR STUPID PRACTICAL JOOOGHHK! AGGHHTCH!

AAK!

GREEAAWWR!

MUH — MUH...

MY GOD.

SLH — SLH — SIM?

BUH — BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HOW COULD...? UNLESS...

MORT TRACKED YOU DOWN? THAT'S IT!

HE FIXED YOUR PROGRAMMING! GOT YOU BACK ON THE TEAM!

NOW YOU'RE HERE...

TO SAVE ME...?

CUT

BE CAREFUL WITH THAT STAPLER, PLEASE!

IT'S HEAVY-DUTY! YOU CAN HURT YOURSELF WITH THAT THING...

OH, MY GOD! LOOK WHAT YOU'RE DOING TO YOURSELF!

STOP! YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THAT TOOL IS FOR, YOU...

WAIT A MINUTE. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, DON'T YOU?

YOU WERE IN SOME SORT OF FIGHT AND YOU'VE BEEN BADLY TORN UP...

NOW YOU'RE PROGRAMMING HAS TAKEN OVER -- JUST LIKE IT'S SUPPOSED TO IN A WAR ZONE!

IT'S ANALYZING THE DAMAGE. TELLING YOU TO SCAVENGE SUITABLE MATERIALS...

AND MAKE REPAIRS IN THE FIELD.

ALL FIX EM UP GOOD.

RESTORATION COMPLETE>
CLOSE PROGRAM: FIELD REPAIR.

MEAT IRON STRONG.

CYBERORGANIC CAPACITY: 100%

HERE I AM TALKING TO A GORILLA. JESUS. THEY AREN'T GOING TO BELIEVE ME WHEN I WRITE MY REPORT...

OOOOHHH...

THAT IS IF I GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THAT MANIAC WAKES UP...

HEY! YOU COULDN'T UNDO THESE STRAPS FOR ME COULD YOU...? I MEAN, NOW THAT WE'RE FRIENDS...?

DAMN! HE'S BEAUTIFUL!

NAADOOGHT.. FRIEND! YOOOU... HELP... SOLDIERS!

YOOOU... HURT... HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND!

STREET LEVEL

YOU... YOU MEAN... ON NO MAN'S ARCHIPELAGO? BUT YOU WERE KILLING US ONE BY ONE...

NO -- I NEVER TOUCHED THE GYPSY'S MONKEY. I SWEAR I DIDN'T! YOU DON'T WANT ME...

HE CAN HAVE YOU, MR. ZEVON! NOW THAT I'VE SEEN HIM, I FIND YOU COMPLETELY UNINSPIRING!

WHRUUH?

REEAARGHH!

IMMORTALIZING THIS BEAUTIFUL CREATURE IN LUCITE WILL TOP EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DONE!

AND ONCE I'M SAFELY DOWN IN THE GALLERY, I'LL FIGURE A WAY TO DO IT, TOO!

DEATH SMELL DOCTOR SMIRKING.

RUN AWAY IN MOVING ROOM.

HATE DEATH SMELL DOCTORS.

DEATH SMELL DOCTORS NEED GOOD HEALTHY PASTE...

...OF OWN MEDICINE.

I DON'T SEE LUCIENNE IN THE GALLERY.

HE MUST BE UPSTAIRS WORKING. SHOULD WE JUST BARGE IN?

IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT...

GO AHEAD IN. I'M SURE LUCIENNE WON'T MIND IF YOU LOOK AROUND A BIT. AFTER ALL, WHAT IS ART FOR IF NOT TO BE APPRECIATED?

OH, UH...OF COURSE. HAHA. THANK YOU, UHH...

WE'VE COME TO...UH, MAKE THE FINAL PAYMENT ON THE PIECE WE'RE PURCHASING, MR... UH...?

LUCIENNE USED TO CALL ME SHAG, BUT IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON, I THINK. I FEEL A NEED TO EXPLORE NEW RELATIONSHIPS AND OTHER METHODS OF PERSONAL EXPRESSION.

IN THE END, WHAT IS ART BUT LIFE ITSELF! ENJOY! TAATAA!

THANK YOU! THANK YOU, MR..UH, SHAG. OR WHATEVER...

YOU KNOW--MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE CASHED IN YOUR TRUST FUND TO BUY THIS PIECE.

I MEAN, IT'S GOOOD, BUT LUCIENNE HASN'T DONE ANYTHING REAALLY OVER THE TOP IN AT LEAST THREE MONTHS.

IF THAT NICE SHAG FELLOW IS LEAVING, MAYBE LUCIENNE'S BECOMING... PASSE?

SHH! SOMEONE'S COMING DOWN ON THE ELEVATOR. IT MIGHT BE HIM!

OHHHH, LUCIENNE!

LOOK AT HIS EYES -- THE WAY THEY DART BACK AND FORTH LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL'S! THE EFFECT IS ASTONISHING!

AND THE BRILLIANT CRAFTSMANSHIP! IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY THAT WASN'T A SCULPTURE AT ALL IN THERE!

AND USING HIMSELF AS THE SUBJECT! WHAT A PERFECTLY OUTRAGEOUS STATEMENT ABOUT ART AND THE ARTIST!

LUCIENNE'S REAALLY GONE OVER THE TOP THIS TIME!

SON OF ULTRON